

This Week

MAGAZINE

Richmond Times-Dispatch

MAGAZINE SECTION

JULY 31 1955



TWO VENUSES: BOTTICELLI'S
GREAT PAINTING AND A NEW
ITALIAN STAR . . . SEE PAGE 14

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FIRST MAGAZINE ARTICLE . . .Page 8



Editorial for a Summer Sunday

ANDER DE JONGE PHOTO

THIS WEEK THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE

WILLIAM I. NICHOLS, Editor

Editorial offices: 420 Lexington
Avenue, New York 17, New York

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Cover by Federico Patelloni

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because only Cheer has the **Blue-Magic whitener!**

Cheer's Blue-Magic whitener is not just a bluing . . . it's more than a bluing . . . it's a new, better whitener for all your wash.

One look tells you . . . blue Cheer brings a new whiteness to your wash. And this simple yet dramatic “window test” proves it.

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*The modern suds
for modern automatics*

NOW . . . A HAIR SPRAY THAT PRESERVES YOUR HAIR-DO— PROTECTS YOUR HAIR, TOO!



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Keeps you trim, glamorous come shower or breeze. And because it has the original Charles Antell Lanolin, your hair is always protected from drying out!

IN THE CAR

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IT'S A WOMAN'S WORLD



Bennett Cerf

MAN is mighty, and shall prevail. Unless, of course, as is usually the case, his wife is mightier. Consider, for example, the dilemma of Elmer Trude. Trude was a veritable prince of good fellows, kind to animals, and such a whiz at the domino-stamping factory they let him work exclusively on the double-sixes. But he lived in mortal dread of his wife.

Fellow-workers decided something must be done about this. They waylaid him after work one evening and stiffened his backbone with good advice and bad liquor.

"Declare your independence this very evening," they counseled. "Put that wife of yours in her place." "I'll do it," vowed Elmer.

He strode into his modest castle and yelled upstairs, "What time is dinner?" Caught unawares, his wife yelled back, "Seven-thirty, like always, you worm. Have you taken leave of your senses?"

"Tonight," roared Elmer, "it'll be on the stroke of seven. What's more, I want my tuxedo laid out for me. I'm going stepping with that snazzy little blonde at the domino works you've always been yapping about."

By this time Elmer was vouchsafed a close-up view of an outraged Mrs. Trude descending a staircase, but he didn't give an inch. "There's one thing more," he announced. "Somebody's going to have to tie my black tie for me and I'll give you just one guess who it's going to be."

"I don't have to guess,"

roared Mrs. Trude. "I know. It's the Riverside Memorial Chapel."

AT WHAT AGE do the basic characteristics of the domineering woman first manifest themselves? Donald Biddler, of Providence, R. I., thinks it's about eight. At least, he saw an eight-year-old maiden, prim and demure in her spotless white dress, haul off and wallow her younger brother. Her father caught her in the act and demanded, "Why did you hit that child?"

The maiden answered calmly, "Because I knew he was going to hit me first."

DRIVING an automobile brings out all of a woman's latent hen-peccadilloes, it seems. There was one dashing socialite in Philadelphia when autos first became the vogue who had to have two horns installed in every machine he bought to keep his wife quiet. One of them was for her in the rear

seat, and as they rattled along the roads, she kept tooting it continuously, convinced her husband was going to hit every pedestrian, animal and ditch in sight. Finally, even the extra horn failed to satisfy her. She insisted upon driving herself.

The husband's vindication came when she rammed the car one morning smack into an unyielding oak tree. "Get out of the car immediately, Horace," she commanded, "and get that tree's name and license number."

WHEN W. C. FIELDS took his wife to the theater, he discovered a device that saved him many a bawling out—not to mention search on his knees under dusty orchestra seats. Fields simply wrote a note to the house manager that read: "Tomorrow evening, my wife and I will visit your theater. We plan to occupy seats G-104 and 105, where my wife will lose a pair of white kid gloves."

THE LAST STRAW. When Mama Nathan made up her mind that her young son was destined to be a great concert violinist, all Papa's complaints about the racket and expense fell on deaf ears. "Teacher says he needs one of those half-size fiddles designed for children," she reported. "Go."

To the surprise of everybody but Mama, the young hopeful actually turned out to be a born violinist. First thing you knew, he had to have a full-sized instrument.

Complaining at every step, Papa was marched back to the music store, where his eye fell on a massive bass viol.

"There's the one I'll take," he announced happily. "Let the little so-and-so try and outgrow that!"

—BENNETT CERF



RALPH CRANE

Fields gave advance notice

Heavenly Comfort...

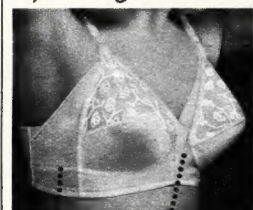
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D-CUP SIZES TOO!



At last! A Playtex Living Bra specially proportioned to give you a gloriously youthful look... whether you're an A, B, C or D cup.

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Elastic criss-cross front dips low, divides divinely, supports superbly!

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Elastic and Nylon! It's "custom-contoured" of elastic and nylon to give perfect fit and comfort all day long... no matter what size you are... A to D, or in between! The nylon cups are sculptured to lift and lure... they mold and hold each figure to its loveliest, most youthful line. High, round as fashion dictates. Snowy white, wonderfully washable—without ironing. In the heavenly blue package at department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

A, B or C Cups

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Have you outgrown fun?

FUN ISN'T JUST FOR CHILDREN, you know—or for the rich—or the happy-go-lucky. Every woman needs fun, almost as much as she needs food!

Fun keeps you feeling young, looking young. And you should keep in mind, especially if you have a family, that fun makes you *fun to be with*.

But—if you're like all too many women today—maybe you're missing out . . .

Perhaps each day seems alike to you . . . gray, and . . . yes, a little grim. You do the same monotonous chores. You almost drag yourself from one task to another.

You feel yourself irritated by little things. Even your children's laughter, perhaps, tends to make you edgy and annoyed. And what makes it worse is that *underneath* you know there's really good-natured, even-tempered *you*.

It's difficult to understand *why* this gradual change has come about, leaving you feeling so . . . so "in-between."

No, you're not really sick

You tell yourself that you're not really sick, so you actually can't blame your health. *But you're far from being really well.*

It might comfort you to know that you're not the only one who feels "wrong" day after day. Millions of people have the very same experience. They're missing out on fun, too—and they don't know why, either.

After all, it just wouldn't occur to the average person that anything as simple as the *caffeine habit* may have a marked effect on the way he feels.

Yet, without realizing it, *you* may be one of the millions bothered by the *caffeine* in coffee or tea.

Your doctor would tell you . . .

Your doctor would be the first to tell you that, for some women, one of the worst offenders against the human nervous system is caffeine.

The use of this strong stimulant day after day, week after week, may make you tired, dragged-out, nervous, irritable.

However, if you're addicted to this habit, there's hope!

There's no reason in the world why you can't get yourself in tune again, begin to feel as you'd like to.

You replace a bad habit with a good one

You switch from caffeine-heavy drinks to a new, wonderful hot beverage—

Imitation Coffee Flavor Instant Postum, now available for the first time!



What a rich aroma this new drink has! And it's so full-bodied, so satisfying. You can enjoy this new coffee flavor beverage straight, or with cream and sugar, all day long, without fear.

You make coffee flavor Postum *instantly*, right in the cup. Just add boiling water and stir. There isn't a taut nerve, a sleepless hour or a headache in it. It can't make you nervous, irritable because it doesn't have a single speck of caffeine in it.

Why not do this?

You owe it to yourself and to your family to try this wonderful, caffeine-free beverage not just once, but for 30 consecutive days. After all, you can't expect to free yourself from the accumulated effect of a habit of years in two or three days, or even a week.

Of course, if you're one of the many people who

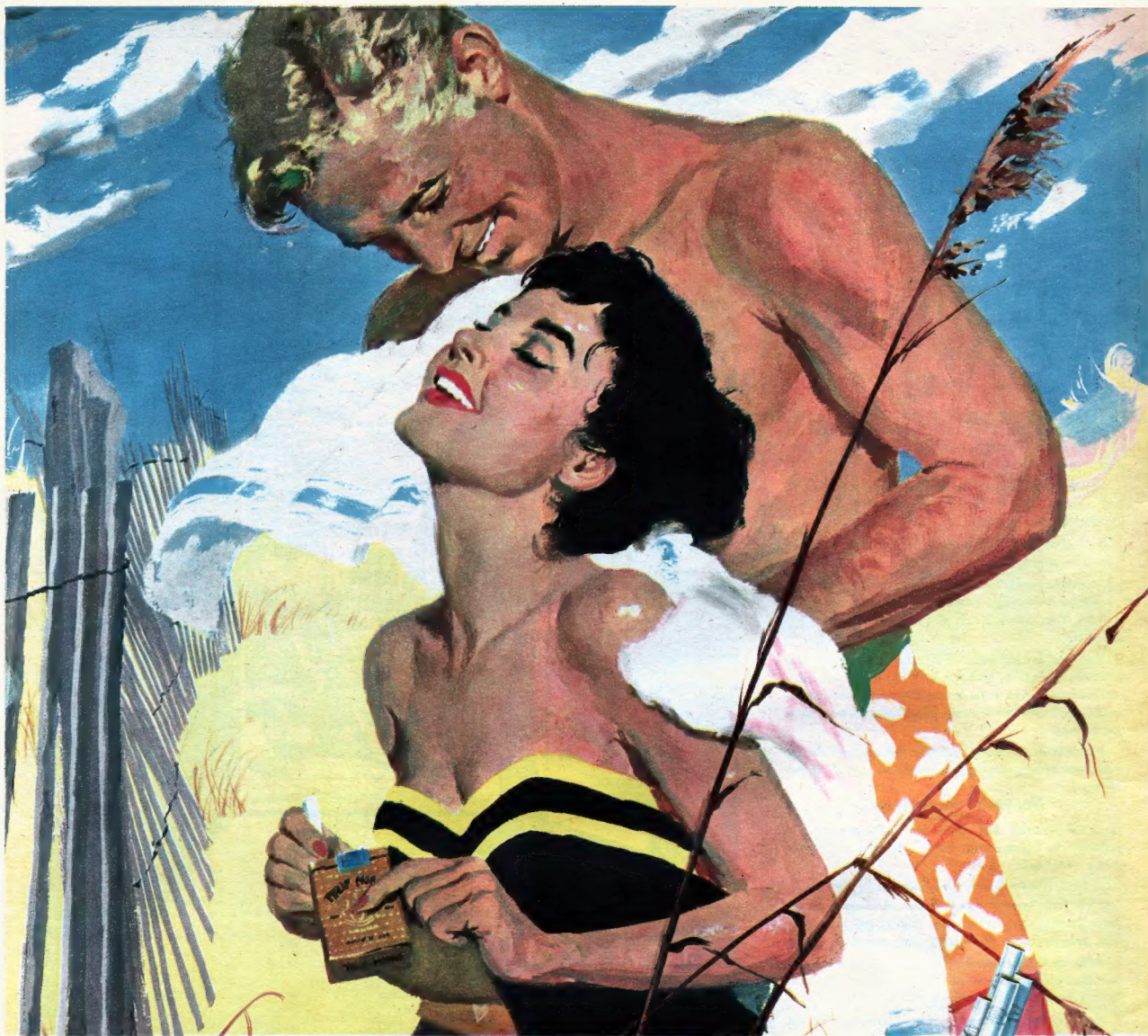
don't care for the taste of coffee, remember that *regular* Instant Postum is still available. *Regular* has a distinctive taste all its own.

Your grocer has *both* flavors—*regular* and *Imitation Coffee Flavor*. So inexpensive, too, compared with coffee—it costs less than a penny a cup.

So, try Instant Postum for at least 30 days—take this one step that may make a real difference in your everyday life—every waking hour, every sleeping hour.

Don't let another day go by without giving a fair trial to this satisfying, caffeine-free beverage—Instant Postum. See if you don't feel better! Act better! Look better!

Start the 30-day Instant Postum test *today*. The Instant Postum Beverages are fine products of General Foods. Postum is a registered trade-mark.



Gently Does It

GENTLENESS makes good friends . . . in fun-making, and in a cigarette, where gentleness is one of the greatest requirements of modern taste. That's why today's Philip Morris, born gentle, refined to special

gentleness in the making, makes so many friends among our young smokers. Enjoy the gentle pleasure, the fresh unfiltered flavor, of today's Philip Morris. In the convenient snap-open pack, regular or smart king-size.



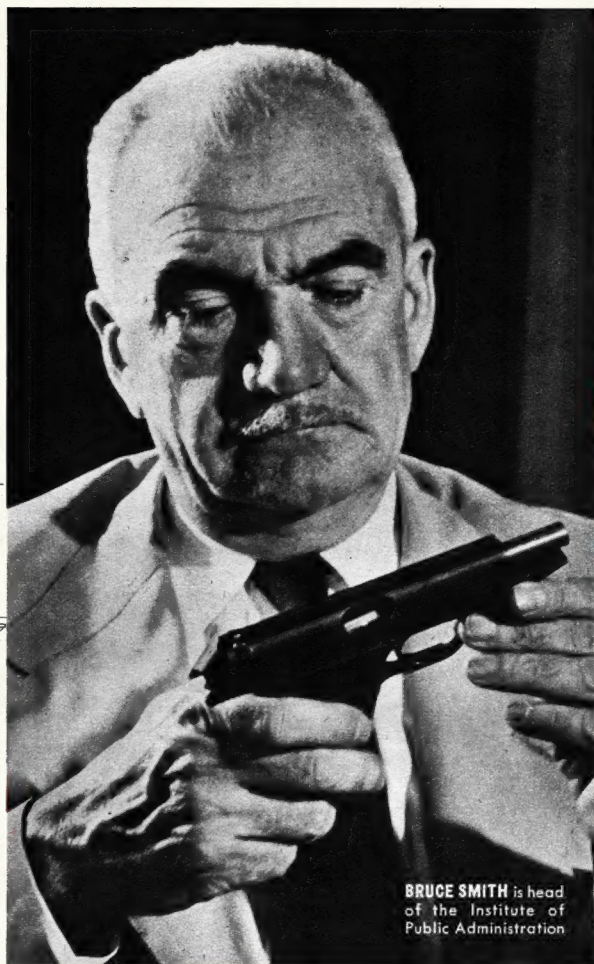
Philip Morris

... gentle for modern taste

MADE IN RICHMOND



There are 20,000,000 pistols in America's homes and shops, and they're worse than no protection at all — they're a menace. That's why a famous police official warns



BRUCE SMITH is head of the Institute of Public Administration

WERNER WOLFF

GET RID OF THAT GUN!

By Bruce Smith
As told to A.E. Hotchner

THE pistol, unregulated and unchecked, is dangerously out of control. Two thirds of all the homicides committed in the United States now involve firearms. Armed burglaries and robberies have sharply increased since the end of World War II. Suicide by bullet is a growing tragedy. The menace of the pistol casts an increasing shadow over our communities.

There are an estimated 20,000,000 civilian-owned pistols in the U.S., more than in any other country in the world. Americans have always regarded the possession of a loaded pistol, tucked away in a closet to use on burglars, as a traditional "duty." When you realize, too, that many GI's brought home guns as "souvenirs," you begin to see the extent of our gun problem.

I recently spot-checked communities for guns in dwellings. The police of Bridgeport, Conn., a city of 160,000, estimated

one out of three families kept pistols on their premises; the Chief of Police of nearby Westport, population 12,000, estimated that 50 per cent of the homes in that area had pistols tucked away in them. In St. Louis, police estimates coincided with Bridgeport's. Although there are no official statistics on the subject, I would guess that about one out of every three American families keeps one or more pistols in the home.

These pistols have a triple peril.

1) *They lead to crimes of opportunity.* For example, in Boston during 1953, six

gun murders were committed — and not one of them involved professional criminals. Four involved husbands and wives, and the other two resulted from drinking bouts.

In all six cases somebody died because a pistol was too handy.

In Cincinnati in 1953, there were 13 gun killings, all crimes of opportunity. Two eighth-grade boys in Queens, New York, recently admitted the holdup-killing of a druggist; they robbed the druggist, they said, because they needed money to go roller-skating. And where did they get the

gun? An older brother had a pistol stashed away in a closet. Clearly, one more crime of opportunity.

2) *They get into the hands of criminals.* Professional gunmen like to use guns that cannot be traced to them, and that's why pistols stolen during house and store burglaries are so desirable.

Several months ago a mad killer named August Robles staged a spectacular gun battle with police in Harlem. Two hundred police fired almost 300 rounds of ammunition, two detectives were wounded and an apartment building burned from tear-gas bombs before Robles was shot to death. In his hand the cops found a stolen German-make Luger.

3) *They draw the fire of armed robbers,* and in this exchange the householder or

Continued on page 28

IN HIS FIRST MAGAZINE

ARE



QUESTION: Just what goes on when a Very Important Person visits our friends abroad—and are such “Good Will” trips worth while? Lots of us have wondered, so the editors of *THIS WEEK* put the question to Vice President Nixon. In the past two and one-half years, he has traveled over 52,000 miles in Asia and Latin America.

Here, in his first article since becoming Vice President, Mr. Nixon describes the importance—and the lighter side—of good-will trips.

At his request, in place of the usual payment, the editors are making a gift to the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund for Cancer Research, Inc.

ANSWER: One morning in April, 1953, the National Security Council was meeting at the White House. During discussion of a Far Eastern policy paper, the President suddenly looked across the table at me and said, “Dick, what are you going to be doing this summer?”

I recall now that I replied in some confusion, “Why, I don’t know. Anything you say, Mr. President.”

He grinned and said, “I think you should take a trip to the Far East. Take Pat with you, visit all the countries out there. I think it would be a good thing for us to know those folks better and for them to know more about us. I have a fundamental faith in the effect people can have on other people in removing points of irritation and in creating better understanding of mutual problems.”

As a result of that conversation, Mrs. Nixon and I journeyed not only to the Far East, but also to Latin America. And here is our record. We traveled 52,652 miles—more than twice around the world—by air, rail, auto, boat, carriage and oxcart. We visited 30 countries, meeting two emperors, three kings, 17 presidents, six prime ministers and two governor generals.

We shook hands with literally thousands of people in all walks of life—128,526,



JERRY COOKS

ENVOYS EXTRAORDINARY: The Nixons carried a message to 30 countries—and brought back a message for the U.S.

ARTICLE SINCE TAKING OFFICE, THE VICE PRESIDENT ANSWERS THE QUESTION OF THE WEEK:

GOOD-WILL TRIPS WORTH WHILE?

As a taxpayer, you owe it to yourself to read this personal report from our No. 1 good-will ambassador on his recent precedent-shattering 50,000 miles of travel by plane, train, boat, automobile and oxcart

BY VICE PRESIDENT RICHARD NIXON

FIRST OF TWO ARTICLES

according to statistically minded newsmen with us.

These were great and memorable experiences for us. But the question is: *Are good-will trips in the public interest?*

In answering this question, I shall try to tell you some of my most vivid impressions of our trip to Latin America early this year.

I knew that good-will trips sometimes fail when a well-intentioned visitor puts his foot in his mouth, due to ignorance of local customs and traditions.

For that reason, we made sure to become thoroughly briefed in advance on each country. We also intensively studied short biographies of every principal government official. And as we flew from one country to another a State Department official joined the flight and refreshed our memories on the matters we had studied before leaving Washington. The capable guidance of the career people of the State Department was of great help everywhere.

Protocol Was Out

I soon discovered that even with adequate advance preparation, good-will trips can be ineffective if there is too much sight-seeing, shopping and formal entertaining.

Consequently, I laid down some hard and fast rules: protocol was to be kept at a minimum; no white-tie dinners and no morning-coat receptions.

The schedule was to be full, so that the people we visited would realize we were there not to take a vacation but to learn about their problems.

I think anyone would agree we carried this rule out pretty thoroughly. On our 75-day trip to the Far East, we had only one day off in Melbourne, Australia. In the 30-day trip to Central America we had one afternoon off at San Juan!

There are two other features of our schedule that I would like to mention. First, I sent instructions to all of our embassies that in addition to my appointments with government officials, we wanted to meet

people in all walks of life—in schools, in factories and on farms.

This suggestion seemed to be something completely new. I heard over and over again that the people of the country we were about to visit were "different"; that they might be antagonistic and that officials might be embarrassed. The local security officers, of course, objected strenuously to such procedures.

But in practice we found the unscheduled stop by far the most effective single thing

we did on our trips. In city after city, newspapers headlined the fact that a visiting high U.S. official was taking time out to talk to "the common people." Far from finding that these people or those were "different," we found they responded to a smile, a handshake or a friendly greeting just as they do in the U.S. These simple spontaneous acts did more than all the speeches in the world to convey the sincere affection and friendship of the people of the U.S. for the people of other countries.



PAT NIXON makes friends in a village in India

FIX-SATAKOPAN

We couldn't enter a home, no matter how humble, without being greeted by the exquisite courtesy of the traditional Spanish welcome: "Está usted en su casa." This means more than our, "Make yourself at home." It means, "You are in your own home."

The second special feature of our trip was the role played by Mrs. Nixon. Now my wife likes to shop and sight-see as well as any woman. But we felt that we were both representing the U.S. officially, and that she consequently had more important things to do than be a tourist.

Pat Makes a Hit

WE ARRANGED that while I was having discussions with government officials, she would have a separate schedule. Altogether she visited 288 schools, hospitals, orphanages, homes for the aged and other welfare institutions on our trips to Asia and Latin America. On her visits to these places she always insisted on meeting personally as many people as possible. No one who was not present can picture the great impact these visits by Mrs. Nixon had. I know that her visit to the leper colony in Panama, where she shook hands with more than 150 patients, made a greater impression than anything I did or said in Panama.

When we returned home from our Asian trip we went directly to the White House. As we were greeted by the President, he said to me, "Dick, I've had some pretty good reports on you on this trip." Turning to Mrs. Nixon he smiled, "But, the reports on you, Pat, have been wonderful!"

What do you learn from a good-will trip?

Here are some major impressions from our trip to Central America and the Caribbean countries. As I have said, it was no sight-seeing junket, but we could not help being impressed by the magnificent scenery.

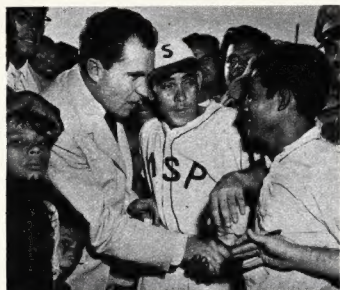
As communications continue to improve, I hope you will find—as Mrs. Nixon and I did—that this is truly a tourist's paradise.

Continued on next page



DICK NIXON is carried up City Hall steps by cheering Guatemalans

ARE GOOD-WILL TRIPS WORTH WHILE?



NICARAGUA: "Beisbol" players swarmed around



HONDURAS: Mrs. Nixon gets a warm reception



GUATEMALA: Time out for a shine and a chat

CONTINUED

There are the volcanoes in Mexico, the densely cultivated coffee plantations in El Salvador, the lakes in Nicaragua, San José's incomparable climate, the vacation wonderlands of the Caribbean — Havana, St. Thomas, San Juan, Ciudad Trujillo, Port-au-Prince. All of these we hope to see again when there are no official duties to interfere.

Here too, you find some of the most impressive religious, cultural and historical monuments in the Western Hemisphere. There is the Shrine of Guadalupe in Mexico, the Citadelle of Christophe in Haiti, the centuries-old University of Santo Domingo, oldest in the Americas.

Sometimes we forget that our neighbors to the south have a culture which is older than ours. This was deftly brought home to me when I visited the magnificent University City in Mexico. I asked Dr. Carrillo Flores, the brilliant young Rector of the University, where he had studied. He said that he was graduated from the University of Mexico. Then with a twinkle in his eye, he added, "I decided to do my graduate work at a younger institution, so I went to Harvard."

Harvard, the oldest college in the U.S., was founded more than 80 years after the University of Mexico!

But, rather than the things we saw, it was the people we met who made the greatest impression upon us. I regret that due to limited space I cannot describe all the government leaders it was our privilege to meet. Two examples will illustrate their high quality.

"Tragedy of Mexico"

THERE WAS President Ruiz Cortines of Mexico, in my judgment one of the great leaders of that country. Strong, honest and able, he has a real desire to raise the standard of living of his fellow countrymen. After luncheon, I commented on the beauty of Los Pinos, the Presidential Mansion.

Speaking slowly and with intense feeling, he said, "It is a beautiful mansion, Mr. Vice President, but three hundred meters away people live in caves. That is the problem and the tragedy of Mexico." Under such a leader, I feel, Mexico is bound to progress.

There was Puerto Rico's dynamic Governor, Muñoz Marín. With vision and determination, he has helped make that small island Commonwealth a living refutation of Communist propaganda which depicts us as imperialists crushing the aspirations of dependent peoples.

Everywhere we felt the friendliness of the Puerto Ricans, their pride in our com-

mon United States citizenship and in their independent Commonwealth status, a pride consecrated by the blood of their sons fighting under the Stars and Stripes in two World Wars and in Korea.

Private citizens as well as officials in all these countries left an indelible mark on our memories.

Smiles for Fees

IN TEGUCIGALPA, the capital of Honduras, I visited a tuberculosis hospital for patients who could not afford private care. A tall, immaculately groomed Honduran surgeon guided me through the wards. He had taken his training in New York under an eminent specialist in lung surgery and had been offered a position there. He could have commanded high fees in any capital of the world. Instead he chose to come back to his own small country where he devotes more than half of each day to performing operations which demand the highest technical skill. The only fees he receives are the grateful smiles of the patients that he has restored to health.

Every place we went we found friendship for the U.S. We expected expressions of friendly sentiments from government officials. But we found the same reaction among people in all walks of life.

In city after city, we were greeted by grade-school children singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" in perfect English with delightful Spanish accents. In Haiti, the song sounded just as beautiful with a French accent.

In Nicaragua, when I stopped the car in one of the poorer sections, a young laborer whose calloused hand I had just shaken, took a ring off his finger and pressed it into my hand. I tried to protest: "No, you can't do that!"

"Yes," he replied, "I want you to have it. We love the United States. This is in appreciation of your visit to our country. When

you look at this ring, you will remember us."

As we left the Presidential Palace, in Guatemala, the crowd in the Square began to cheer, "Viva Eisenhower! Viva the United States! Viva Castillo Armas! Viva Guatemala!" A thin-faced little boy of six (I guessed he was six because he had a tooth out in front) tugged at my wife's dress. She picked up the child and they smiled at each other. From across the square came a shout, "Viva the Blonde!" and the whole crowd roared its approval.

In Antigua, Guatemala, crowds packed the streets so tightly that I walked about a mile to City Hall. At the entrance, a couple of young Guatemalans hoisted me on their shoulders and carried me up the steps as if I had just scored the winning touchdown.

We were in Costa Rica on February 21, our older daughter Patricia's ninth birthday and the first she had spent away from her mother. So my wife made an overseas telephone call to say "Happy Birthday." The next morning the story and the picture of the two little girls receiving the call was splashed on newspaper front pages.

In every city we visited after that, someone was sure to press Mrs. Nixon's hands and say, "I saw that birthday picture. I hope your little girls have a very happy year."

Every place we went I was reminded of the similarities in our own way of life to that of the other American Republics. Here are some of our "common denominators":

1. We have a common *historical* background. This was impressed upon us when we visited the tomb of Christopher Columbus in the Cathedral in the Dominican Republic. In country after country we found the same parallels — from discovery through exploration, colonization, colonialism and revolution to constitutional democracy as free and independent nations.
2. We have a common *religious* heritage.

The first action of the founders on going ashore was always to give thanks to God and ask his guidance. To have their deepest roots in religious faith is in itself a notable characteristic shared by the 21 Republics of this hemisphere.

3. Another identity we share is that the *economic* life of all the American nations rests on a foundation of private initiative.

Our kinship expresses itself in other ways, too. One Saturday afternoon I stopped my car near a sandlot "beisbol" game going on in Managua, Nicaragua. The players swarmed around and we were soon deep in conversation about Willie Mays' batting average.

We have a tradition, too, of friendly and peaceful *co-operation* as vividly demonstrated by our relations with the Republic of Panama. For over 50 years the United States and Panama have satisfactorily resolved our mutual problems, some of them delicate ones, over the special situation created by the Canal.

Pioneer Spirit

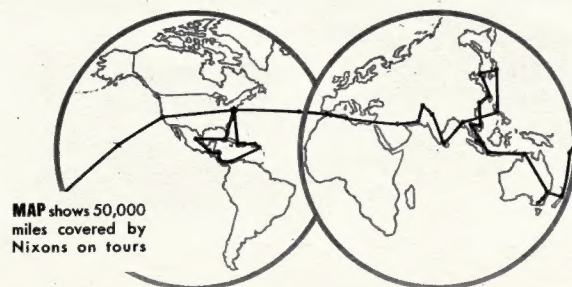
WE HAVE a similarity of outlook too — a manner of facing and carrying on life, a *pioneer spirit*, which still owes much to the frontiersmen. Our forebears throughout the Americas were men and women who lived on the edge of the wilderness and pressed forward into it with gun and plow, prayer and sweat. They knew that not only strength but survival itself depended upon co-operation, on solidarity.

That is one of the reasons why the Organization of American States, the structure of Hemisphere co-operation within which our 21 Republics are voluntary and equal partners, is so firmly built. It is also a reason why this structure, which gave design and pattern to the United Nations, originated in the Western Hemisphere.

All these things being true, it is obvious that what helps one of our countries in the Americas helps all. And what harms one will in the long run be harmful to all.

In next week's article, I shall speak of the greatest threats to the countries of Latin America — and hence the things most likely to harm us all. These are the twin threats of poverty and Communism. I shall describe how I believe they can be overcome to further strengthen a free and united Western Hemisphere.

NEXT WEEK: What did the Guatemala revolution mean? How dangerous is Communism in Latin America? Winding up his report to the nation on his good-will trip, Vice President Nixon will give his five vital conclusions and the reasons behind them.

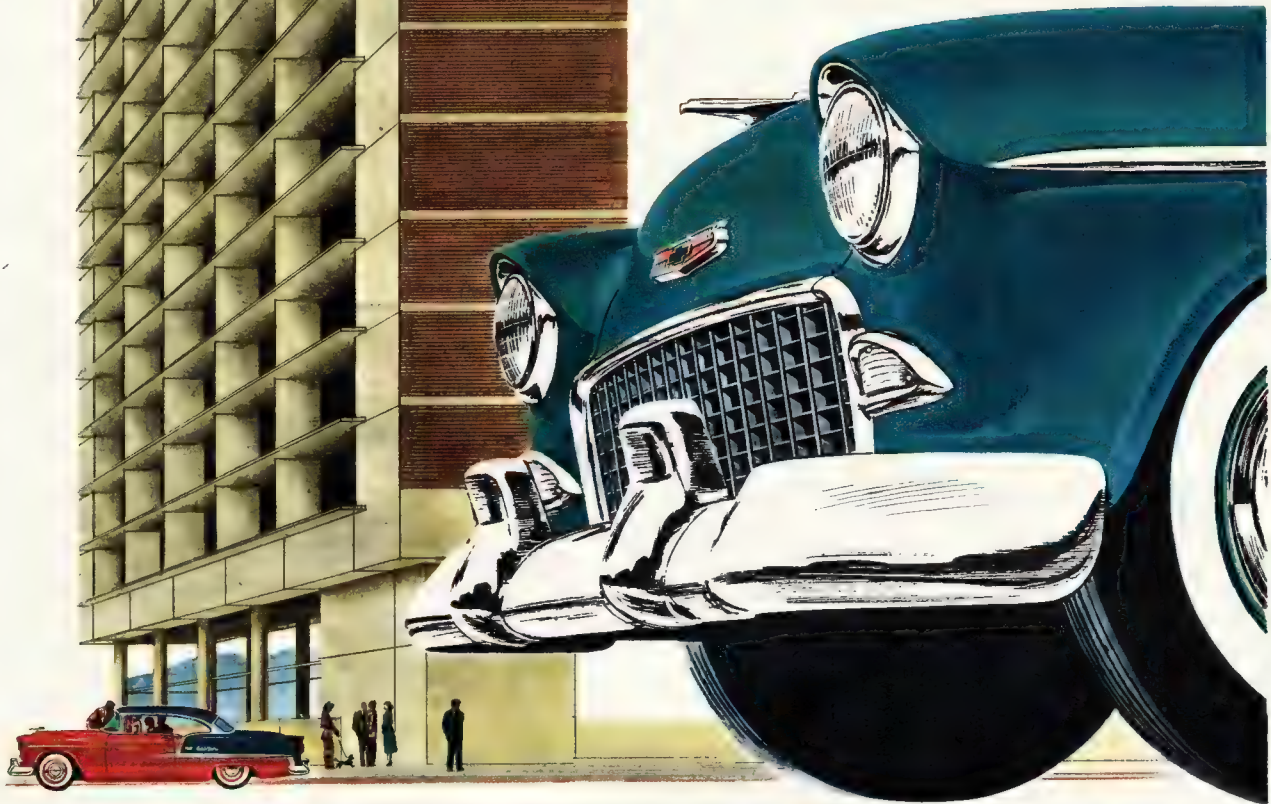


MAP shows 50,000 miles covered by Nixons on tours

simply beautiful
beautifully simple

motoramic

Chevrolet



SEE YOUR CHEVROLET DEALER

Chevrolet's modern beauty, like that of modern architecture, springs from clean, uncluttered design. Take, for example, the crisp simplicity of the grille—free of exaggerated "massiveness" and bolted-on decoration. Its classic purity of design will be as modern tomorrow as it is today. But more than presenting a beautiful front, the '55

Chevrolet is showing its heels to everybody with its record-smashing "Turbo-Fire V8" power! In every phase of performance, roadability and handling ease, the new Chevrolet is stealing the thunder from the high-priced cars and winning a lot of "oh's" and "ah's" doing it! One ride and you'll see why. Can you make it . . . soon?



HOW TO SPOT AN UNHAPPY MARRIAGE

MARRIAGE experts, in their unceasing quest to learn what makes married people behave as they do, have now come up with a new kind of yardstick. It measures marital happiness and can even predict an oncoming breakup — your own as well as somebody else's.

It is a test which rates the behavior of married couples in company and has two practical uses:

1. Applied to your own marriage, it may reveal some disquieting factors. Psychiatrists point out that signs of a rocky union are apparent in certain tell-tale actions long before the man and wife themselves are conscious of their real feelings. Warned early enough, you can do something about them.

2. In a pixyish but no less scientific mood, psychologists explain that you can also apply this gauge to your married friends and determine how well — or how badly — they are getting along.

The secret lies in observing, and knowing how to interpret, key moods, deeds and words which crop up almost every day.

"Happily married people cannot and do not hide the signs of their contentment," says Dr. Albert Ellis, formerly chief psychologist of New Jersey and now a New York marriage counselor. "Conversely, for the most part, unhappily married people cannot help revealing in public certain indications of their anger, impatience or boredom with each other."

Dr. Robert M. Goldenson, psychology professor at Hunter College, agrees and adds that the principals themselves frequently are unaware of their own worsening attitudes until it is too late.

Some persons, you may think, can do wonderful cover-up jobs in social situations. You may even have known a couple you felt was getting along famously only

"They seemed so happy," you say when a friend's marriage cracks up. But you wouldn't have been surprised if you had checked their behavior with this test

to be shocked by the sudden announcement of a separation. "I never dreamed!" you probably said. "They seemed so devoted."

The point is they couldn't have fooled you had you been able to catch the signals of a failing marriage.

What are these giveaways? How do a man and wife unwittingly tell the world they are in love and perfectly content — or bored to tears by the whole thing?

Here are nine questions about as many everyday situations. Apply them to yourself, or to others, and check those which fit conditions you observe.

1. *In company, does the husband spontaneously rise to perform small chores for his wife? Does she do the same for him?*

For example: Everyone is comfortably seated in the living room after a dinner

party when one of the children upstairs starts crying. Or dinner has just begun, and someone discovers the salt has been left in the kitchen.

Under these circumstances, does the husband get up promptly to do the necessary job, waving his wife down? Or does he lean forward, saying loudly: "Let me get up, dear," secretly (and pretty obviously) hoping his wife will? And conversely, does the woman spring up or does she put on an act?

If a couple is getting along well, explains Dr. Harold Kenneth Fink, a psychotherapist, there is a continual desire to help one another, especially in trivial things. In a happy marriage, he says, neither partner exploits the other continuously.

So get your pencil, and if either spouse is observed doing this kind of marital good-bickering, make a check mark here . . . ☐

2. *At parties, does he seem to be spending all his time in the company of women and she in the company of men?*

If so, says Dr. Fink, there is an emotional need that must be satisfied and all is not well with the marriage. Should there be leers, pats and/or propositions aimed at other women, adds Dr. Ellis, look no further — check this! . . . ☐

3. *Do they fight over trifles?*

Keep track of the number of small quarrels during a single evening. Does the wife complain that the tip he left for the waiter

was too large? Does she upbraid him petulantly because he forgot the theater where the movie was playing and had to buy a newspaper to find out? On the other hand, does he get really annoyed because she dawdles over the menu at dinner? Does he start griping because she stayed too long in the powder room?

If the marriage is not firmly rooted, minor things can start rasping arguments. When people are getting on each other's nerves, little lapses are magnified. If two people respect one another, minor complaints either pass unnoticed or are referred to teasingly. No real rancor is evident.

If you note a good deal of quibbling over trifles, check this one . . . ☐

4. *Do they separate immediately upon arriving at a party, never coming together during the entire evening?*

If this happens, chances are they are bored with each other's company and can't wait to seek relief with others. A married couple in love either will stay together at a party or, if separated, at least drift together for an occasional word or a smile.

Declares one marriage counselor: "Happily married men and women are always aware of each other in a roomful of people. They give a feeling of unity."

Always seem to be apart at gatherings? Then check this . . . ☐

5. *Do they knock each other in public without smiling?*

Ribbing your mate, Dr. Goldenson asserts, is a favorite marital game, and many devoted couples kid each other a good deal in public. But it's always done with good humor if the marriage is sound.

However, points out Dr. Goldenson, if the husband tells an anecdote illustrating his wife's foolishness and you can see he really feels she is foolish, and if she offers



DRS. Goldenson (left) and Ellis:
Unhappy couples reveal it in public



TEST also works in reverse — it will help you spot happy couples, too

By Lester David

barbed thrusts of her own, there's trouble ahead.

Check this if the ribbing is nasty..... ☐

6. Does either become annoyed at the other's advice?

He starts looking up a number in the telephone book and gets nowhere. She suggests he try another spelling whereupon he snaps that he knows what he's doing. She in turn becomes obviously annoyed when he asks her to try a new recipe.

If either abruptly and continually ignores reasonable advice, check this..... ☐

7. Does he treat her with exaggerated politeness and affection in company?

Does he leap to his feet and pull out her chair when she rises? Does he rush to help her on with her coat? Well, if they are not newlyweds, chances are that a guilty feeling is causing the excess of attention.

In a sound marriage, courtesy is natural and spontaneous. If it's too elaborate, check... ☐

8. Do the husband and wife back each other up in dealing with the children or will one often countermand the orders of the other?

For instance: Johnny has struck his little sister and his mother has punished him by refusing to let him watch television for the rest of the day. Father, acting as a court of appeals, hands down his ruling: Johnny is sorry now, isn't

he? He won't do it again, will he? Well then, daddy is sure mother didn't really mean it about the television. Johnny can go ahead and watch.

The point is that children often play one parent off against the other and so give people who aren't getting along anyway a good opportunity to throw darts at each other. They use the children to get back at each other.

If this occurs often, check it..... ☐

9. Is either partner a dictator?

Does he (or she) make all decisions, give all orders, formulate all plans? Few people have ever been happy under a dictatorship. If it's one-man (or woman) rule, check.... ☐

ADMITTEDLY, there are factors in marriage that can't be assessed by a simple question-and-answer routine like this. But the more check marks you've put down, the less chance the marriage is working well. If there are three or less, consider it stable. Four to six mean some wobbliness, and over seven, definite trouble unless something is done to help the couple involved.

If it's your own marriage under scrutiny, and you find a profusion of checks, pause and reflect. The test is like an X ray — it lets you know if something is wrong so that you can take corrective steps before it's too late.

The End

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No other detergent — dry or liquid — is kinder to hands

It's here... New Liquid Chiffon... made especially to give you more dishwashing help. Liquid Chiffon gives you extra-rich, instant-action suds that swish away grease, even dried egg yolk, in seconds. You're through with the dishes and out of the kitchen faster!

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Save your hands, save dishwashing time, and enjoy the convenience of Liquid Chiffon's unbreakable can that won't slip, won't drip. Get Liquid Chiffon soon at the big money-saving sale. You'll be so glad you did.

*We guarantee Liquid Chiffon will get your dishes cleaner and get you out of your kitchen faster, or we will gladly refund your money! Armour and Company.



Dishes done in no time!



Unbreakable can with dripless spout.



For your lingerie, try gentle, pure Chiffon Soap Flakes.

VENUS

Marina Vlady looks like a work of art, acts like a bobby-soxer. She's Italy's most startling starlet

MARINA VLADY (the Italian movie starlet on the cover) looks like a Botticelli Venus, and behaves like an outrageous bobby-soxer. She turned a sassy 16 last year, and celebrated the occasion by buying a sports car and smoking her first cigarette.

Before then she drove a scooter like a maniac through the streets of Rome, dressed like an American teen-ager—that is to say, like a boy—and nevertheless received and rejected six offers of marriage (according to her publicity agent).

On the rare occasions when she dresses glamorously, one might almost be inclined to believe him. Evening dress transforms her from a gamin into a sloc-eyed Venus.

The Boy Gave Directions

She's a wicked little thing. A Swiss producer wanted her for a picture, urged her by mail and phone, and getting no answers, decided to visit her in her home. Outside her apartment was a young fellow in blue jeans.

"Can you tell me where the Signorina Vlady lives?" asked the producer.

"On the top floor," the boy answered, and shot away on his motor scooter.

The "boy" was Marina. She made the producer puff up six flights for nothing.

Miss Vlady's real name is formidable—Marina De Paliakoff Baydaroff. She first appeared on the screen in French pictures as Marina Versois, and changed her name again for Italian films. She is of Russian ancestry, but was born in Paris.

Despite her years, Marina has made 11 pictures. The last three: "Too Young For Love," "Symphony Of Love" and "Loves Of Casanova," probably will all be shown in America.

At the moment she is still in the stage of drinking soda pop. What will happen when she comes of age?

— LOUIS BERG

This Week Movie Editor



Let her have another, Mother...they're

pure Nabisco cookies



1. NABISCO VANILLA WAFERS...

Flavored with pure creamery butter, developed from our famous old Southern recipe. Crisp, golden, the best of all! Eat 'em by the handful!

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Luscious golden cakes crowned with extra-thick and creamy pink or white marshmallow. Then, for topping, generous sprinklings of coconut. Heavenly!

3. NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS...

The original "party" cookie, with smoothest fondant between crispest wafers. Generations have loved this pure, delicious Nabisco wafer!

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



MARINA had fun with photographers. Here she obligingly carries a cannata on her head

IN BLUE JEANS



(See Front Cover)



DOUBLE? During work on "Days Of Love," Marina clowned it up, hit this shoe-eyed Venus pose



DRESSING ROOM: No prima donna, she changed clothes in the street when necessary



SEASIDE FROLIC: Only 16, she's been in 11 films, has rejected six marriage proposals



Safe driver stops for a "Coffee-break"

It's great to drive down the open road — but mighty nice to stop! And it's a wise driver who makes that stop a "Coffee-break." Safety experts and professional drivers advise frequent stops for "Coffee-breaks" on the highway. What a delightful way to alert yourself for the miles ahead! What a pleasant rule to follow! There's nothing else like the rich full body of real coffee, either refreshingly iced or good and hot. And nothing equals coffee's wonderful flavor and aroma! On the road, on the job, or at home, give yourself a "Coffee-break." Think better, work better, feel better — *drive better!*

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(Advertisement)

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Children of All Ages**



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Today—every living minute on the go!—thanks to gentle, *natural-like* relief provided by Fletcher's Castoria. Contains no harsh drugs, won't cause griping or diarrhea as adult laxatives may do. Since Fletcher's Castoria is liquid, exact dosage is easy.

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Whoever invented
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used . . . grand for dishes and miracle fab-
rics, easy on the hands. Yet TREND's intro-
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Recommended
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product as you can buy . . . by far
the best value."—Gertrude Austin,
Director of Consumer Service,
Sunkist Growers.

"We find TREND excellent. Since it
costs less, why not buy TREND?"—
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Economics, Stokely-Van Camp, Inc.



"TREND has everything you want in
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rector of Home Economics, Wonder
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SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE

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QUIZ 'EM

Questions and answers from the news



DOOLITTLE'S BOYS: How many are left?

RAIDERS . . . Lieutenant
General James H. Doolittle
and his Tokyo raiders held their
annual banquet in Los Angeles
recently. How many of the 80
men who made that historic
flight 13 years ago are alive
today?

60, with 34 of them still in
the Air Force.

— R.A.D., Los Angeles

JUICE . . . It costs \$366,200 a
year to run the White House.
What is the monthly electric
bill?

\$2,500.

— V.M., Seekonk, Mass.

FILL 'ER UP . . . According to
latest figures, how many service
stations supply an estimated
58,129,000 automobiles in this
country?

202,000 — one filling station
for every 271 cars.

— Mrs. C.H.S., Monrovia, Ind.

CHISELERS . . . What is the
annual loss to U.S. merchants'
and businessmen from bad
checks?

500 million dollars.

— J.J.B., Claymont, Del.

SPELLING BEES . . . When
the newly crowned national spell-
ing champion visited the White
House, President Eisenhower

confessed that as a boy he was
once eliminated from a spelling
bee. What word stumped him?

Syzygy — which is a point in
an orbit, as of the moon's. The
new champion spelled the word
correctly.

— C.C.G., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

NOT SO . . . What false claim
does the ballad of Davy Crockett
make for him?

The ballad claims Davy
Crockett patched up the Lib-
erty Bell. Actually the crack has
never been patched although an
attempt was made in 1846.

— V.M., Wichita Falls, Tex.

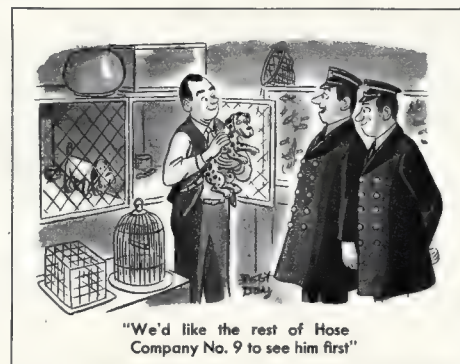
CONTROL . . . The United
States is on the road toward a
gerontomaiarchy, according to
the U.S. Population Bureau.
What does this mean?

That aging females are gain-
ing control, especially in such
things as voting power, owner-
ship of land and corporate
equities. — C.S., Tenafly, N. J.

CONDUCTED BY

Tom Henry

NOTE: We will pay \$2 for a question
and answer used in this column. Ques-
tions are based on current news and
clipping of news source must accompany
answer. Address: Tom Henry, THIS
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SUPER- PATENTED STICK



Now with **SUPER-STICK**. They stick better, protect better. Won't loosen in water.



RACE DAY: Valerie primps in the mirror of her car before start



DOWN THE STRETCH: Valerie keeps an eye on RPM dial. Her English car is right-hand-drive



TROUBLE: Between races she helps overhaul the brake

THE BLONDE BEHIND THE WHEEL

Valerie Witalis, in her own MG, is the fastest girl on campus...

THOSE old jokes about lady drivers no longer get laughs around Bennington, Vt. The reason is pretty, 20-year-old Valerie Witalis, of Bennington College, who two years ago drove her sports car to school from her Great Neck, L. I., home.

Like many sports-car enthusiasts, Valerie wanted to race. With parental approval, she entered a

race and finished among the first five. Since then she's raced against veteran amateurs — yes, men — and nearly always finishes with the leaders.

Though she once drove a borrowed Ferrari at 110 m.p.h., her MG hits a mere 85 m.p.h. on the straightaway, its forte being its maneuverability, agility on curves, etc.

So far, first place has eluded Valerie, but she has a couple of glittering seconds to her credit.

Val, who is modeling in New York this summer, prefers to race against men, says: "Women racers drive as if they're grocery shopping." — J. G.



NO TROPHY: But Val's father tells her she drove well



THEY'RE OFF: Val "corners" at about 40 m.p.h., leans left to help hold MG on track

HANSON CARROLL PHOTOS

Will you get a bouquet
with your coffee
today?



Maxwell House gives you a bouquet in every cup

Close your eyes . . . draw a deep
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Now sip, and let that heady
fragrance mingle with the flavor.

You'll know at once that without this
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Since so many brands have so little
aroma—and Maxwell House has so much—
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for your own enjoyment?

GOOD TO THE LAST DROP!



A Product of General Foods

THIS YOUNG COUPLE HAD CROSSED THE COUNTRY TO FIND THEIR DREAM IN THE NORTHWEST.

GREAT



CLEMENCY GASPED AS THE SWIFT CURRENT TILTED THE WAGON, AND THE OXEN LOST THEIR FOOTING

DAY IN OREGON

By Victoria Case

Illustrated by Robert Fawcett

IT WAS a great day in Oregon Territory, a great day for the new settlement of Portland, but Clemency's heart was not in the celebration. She was hungry.

She stood with her husband in the midst of the crowd, listening to the red-faced orator recalling the westward march of Lewis and Clark, those intrepid explorers who had crossed the continent to this magnificent country fifty years before.

The fellow was dedicating the new dock in the Willamette River, predicting an era of plenty. Clemency swallowed hard at the talk of plenty.

She was not the only hungry one. The crowd was getting away from the bawling orator, drifting upwind toward the smell of roasting beef. But Clemency was surely the hungriest young woman in the whole Territory. Eighteen years old, elegant in red silk, well reared and decorous, Clemency Pender was about to fall flat on her pretty face and shame her sex.

She set her teeth and looked up in mute appeal at Lew's craggy young face. He was listening, but now and then she saw his throat contract as he swallowed. Poor Lew; he was hungry too, Clemency thought unhappily. Time had deserted them, bogged down, come to a dead stop. It would always be this month of March, 1855.

Worse than that, they would never have a home, or so it seemed to Clemency. All of the families in last year's wagon train had scattered up the valley, miles from Portland, and all of them probably had cabins and barns, wheat planted, hens setting, and food on the table.

Only Lew Pender must stubbornly stop in Portland and hold fast through the winter, finding a day's work now and then, and persistently seek for exactly the farm he wanted. He had to be near Portland and he had to have farm land. Clemency couldn't quite understand it.

Nobody would sell to a penniless stran-

ger. Clemency could have told him that last fall when they landed here. But Lew Pender learned things for himself or he didn't learn. So here they were still, with no better prospects than they'd had last fall. Their larder was down to a handful of parched wheat for coffee and a couple of soup bones for soup, and so they were standing here trying to live long enough to share the free roast beef.

"Tired, honey?" Lew whispered tenderly. "Only starving," she murmured.

"STARVING?" A shocked voice rumbled in her ear. It was Isaac Folds, a new friend Lew had made from across the river. His curly beard bristled with outrage. "Why didn't you come to me, boy? There's food enough around these parts to feed an army." Lew told him, tightly, "We're not taking charity."

"Pshaw, what's a side of bacon between friends?" Folds gripped Lew's sleeve. "Well, then, you young fool, I've got a chance for you. Feller next to me over yonder wants a good man to take over his farm."

"He runs a warehouse here in town. Wants to get out of farming and give the warehouse all his time. Man named Marks. He's got wheat planted, chickens laying, pigs in the sty, cows fresh, pantry full, everything ready to walk into. I told him to come to your cabin to see you today."

"Does he know we haven't more than a hundred dollars?" Lew asked warily.

"He'll take whatever you can pay," Folds promised, keeping a tight grip on Lew. "Only thing is he aims to manage the place himself until it's paid off."

Clemency saw Lew's lips set stubbornly, and Folds began to urge them toward the edge of the crowd. "It won't hurt you to take orders for a few years, boy. Come along and look it over."

"Please, Lew," Clemency whispered.

He looked down at her anxiously. "Only thing is, we meant to get some food here.

I can see Marks just as well at home. It isn't likely we could come to terms anyway."

Folds bulked over them, big enough to carry Lew off bodily. "You won't get fed here for two hours. Let the little lady wait at home. If Marks comes before you do, she'll keep him entertained." He grinned down at her. "Put him to sleep on those Lewis and Clark Journals. Seems to me Lew's told me every step they took across the continent."

"We're not through yet," Clemency said, trying to smile. "They stayed the winter, feasting on dog meat. It was dinner in high style when they got enough bones so each man could gnaw on his own."

Lew saw her mouth tremble. He swallowed. "Well, Isaac, it won't hurt to look. Honey, I'll hurry back."

THEY disappeared into the crowd, as the orator got a new lungful and started in on the future of Portland. Clemency turned away, trying not to cry. She could not possibly push her way to the tables without a man to help her. She went along Fourth Street until it faded to a footpath into the woods where Lew had set up a tiny cabin last fall.

She built the fire quickly and set the coffeepot on, with the last of the parched wheat. If Lew wouldn't take this farm, there was nothing ahead but to go up the valley and get free land in the forest.

Then there'd be a cabin to build, fields to clear and everything to be made out of nothing. Neighbors might be a mile away, and the town a half day's drive. She poured herself some of the black brew. At least it was hot, and it was food of a sort.

SHE heard the knock at the door. It was Mr. Marks, a thin, bearded man with pale eyes. He carried a cloth sack, which he set down carefully by the door. "I'm looking for Lew Pender," he said.

She greeted him, painfully aware of the poverty of the cabin. It had no furniture except the pole bed in the corner, a great round block of wood for a table and a log on each side of the fireplace for seats. The food shelf was baldly empty. Marks perched awkwardly on the seat and said sourly, "Well, let's not waste time. What do you think of my farm?"

"It sounds like heaven," she said faintly.

His beard curled with a hint of approval. "It's got every kind of food all ready for your hand," he said, watching her. "And plenty to serve any company that drops in."

It was a strong hint. The man must be hungry. She hastened to fill a cup for him. "I missed my dinner," he complained. "Wife's away on a visit. A man can't make out alone. I figured on that feast downtown, but there's no getting within a hundred feet of the tables." He sipped the coffee hungrily, watching her over the rim of the cup. "Short of food, eh?"

She stiffened, and then she remembered that she must not offend this man who could open the door to heaven. She forced a smile. "My husband reads to me from the Lewis and Clark Journals. No matter how little we have on the table, he finds a place where they had less."

"Can't stand hunger," Marks almost snarled. "Neither in other people nor myself. Now about the farm. I aimed to sell,

but there's nobody with money, so I made up this plan. Think your man will take it?"

"I think he might," she said, gripping her hands together.

"Can you persuade him?"

"I think I can," she said, remembering. "Let me tell you what he'll do for me. We were crossing the Snake river on the way out here last fall. Two or three wagons were already on the other side, and the rest waiting their turn. We were in the swiftest part of the current when the oxen lost their footing."

THE scene came back to her, vivid and tense. All the men were in the river, some wading ahead to test the bottom, some with ropes to hold the wagon in the current, some guiding the oxen. Lew waded beside Clemency, upholding her courage with his own as she perched on the high seat.

The oxen swerved sharply downstream, and the wagon tilted on two wheels, ready to fall. She would be thrown into the river, and Lew should have leaped to safety, for he would be caught by the canvas top, pinned under water and heaped with all the boxes and barrels to hold him down.

Like a fool, or a man in love, he threw himself against the heavy wagon, trying to hold it in balance. For a moment they stared into each other's eyes, while his back



LEW AND CLEMENCY

STOOD THERE WAITING

bowed, ready to crack. There was no fear in him, but only a desperate offering of all he had, and laughter with it.

His soul seemed to be there in his eyes, hers to use to the full for only a moment's precarious safety. Then the men flung themselves on the wagon and forced it back on its four wheels, the oxen found their footing and the moment was past. But Lew's look would always remain in Clemency's heart.

She didn't tell Mr. Marks all of this, but her eyes misted, as they always did when she remembered. "He'll do what I ask," she said, soft and proud and certain.

Marks leaped up and brought in the sack. Before her astonished eyes he showed her ham, eggs, potatoes, flour, butter, sugar, fruit—a wealth of food. She wanted to reach in and seize it, eat it raw. "I brought a little something to bind the bargain," Marks said, swallowing. "Thought you

Continued on page 23



MISS CASE, who lives in McMinnville, Oregon, is surrounded by the descendants of the men and women who braved the dangers of the Oregon Trail a hundred years ago. She frequently finds themes for her fiction in the heroic stories of the pioneer days. . . Just a hundred and fifty years ago Captains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark led their expedition of discovery to the Northwest, blazing the trail which so many others were to follow. This year six States through which they passed are celebrating the sesquicentennial of a great moment in American history. Miss Case's story is a dramatic reminder of the inspiration these men left for those who followed. From it, young Lew Pender drew the dream of a whole new idea in living.



1 UP: Double-jointed table stands upright for dining...

2 KNEEL: It changes character in seconds...



3 DOWN: With legs folded under, it's a coffee table

JULIUS SHULMAN PHOTOS

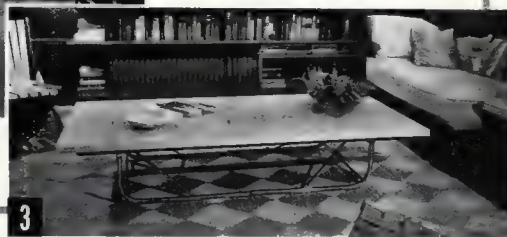


KNEEL-DOWN TABLE

SOMETIMES a certain problem presents itself over and over to a designer, and almost clamors for a solution. Such a recurring need, it seemed to architect Richard J. Neutra, was for a dual-use table, equally practical for living and din-

ing space, where these two activities must be combined in one room in a small home or an apartment. The result was his invention of a table which one person, in a few seconds, can raise from its knees (living-room coffee-table height) to its toes (dining-table height).

As the photographs show, a simple mechanism which allows the legs to fold is the secret of this patented table. These "camel legs" may be metal, as in the series of three pictures, or wood.—KATHERINE MORROW FORD



HEAR ARTHUR GODFREY TELL ABOUT
STA-FLO ON CBS RADIO NETWORK

HEAR GARRY MOORE TELL ABOUT
STA-FLO ON CBS TV NETWORK

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PAYS YOU 25¢ CASH

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Here's your chance to try Sta-Flo on your own washday clothes, at our expense! Wonderful Sta-Flo outperforms all ordinary starches. Just add water to Sta-Flo. No cooking, no waiting for starch to cool. No messy utensils to wash. Even the bluing and the amazing Staley ironing aid are already added. One bottle of Sta-Flo (it's highly concentrated) makes over a gallon of starch.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

1. Buy a quart or ½ gallon bottle of Sta-Flo.
2. Send label with your name and address to the A. E. Staley Manufacturing Co., Dept. JO, Decatur, Illinois.
3. You will receive a 25¢ cash refund by mail.
4. Limit one offer per family or address.
5. Letter containing label must be postmarked by August 15, 1955.

A. E. STALEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY



GREAT DAY IN OREGON

Continued from page twenty-one

might invite me to dinner when we've done."

She heard Lew coming and hastily flung the sack behind her. "He'll have to do his own bargaining," she said. "But I think you'll stay to dinner."

Lew came in soberly, and Clemency saw that he was deeply moved. "Your farm is exactly what I want, Mr. Marks," he said, shaking hands. "The fields lie well along the creek, but I don't want potatoes and grain. Let me put the whole place into grass, and I'll turn you out more steers to the acre than you'd think possible."

MARKS said thinly, "If you take my farm, you'll raise your hogs and chickens and a few sheep and plant every kind of food. You will butcher your own meat, and flail your grain and smoke the hams and bacon, and salmon and smelt in season. There'll be no money paid out for anything you can grow."

"When you have extra eggs or butter, or maybe a pig and a few tons of hay to sell, you'll bring them to me at the warehouse for credit on the price of the farm. It will go slowly, but we'll both be safe and you'll eat hearty." He added, pointedly, "It is my farm, and that's my plan."

"But it's all wrong," Lew cried. "A man might have to manage that way if he's off by himself in the forest. But your farm is less than a mile from the river, with ships coming in, and a town growing. We've got to use the Lewis and Clark plan here and fill those ships with our produce."

Marks glared. "What on earth is the Lewis and Clark plan?"

Lew answered with dignity. "Some of the party hunted meat. Others paddled and carried the

packs for all of them. Still others chose the route and settled on the camping spots. They wouldn't have gotten a hundred miles from home if every man had to do everything for himself."

"We are talking about farmers," Marks reminded him, staring with pale eyes.

"The plan will work with farmers, too," Lew answered excitedly, closing his fingers tight around Clemency's hand. "Isaac Folds is a master hand with a smokehouse, while I can't turn out a decent batch of bacon to save my life. Another man over beyond him has a good slope for potatoes, better than any part of your farm. The men in the valley, over behind these hills, grow more bushels of wheat to the acre than you'll ever see on your place."

"Should I waste my time on potatoes and wheat and a smokehouse and pasturing horses and milk cows and maybe a handful of steers? Or can they furnish me what I need, while I raise beef for them, and still bring you a hundred to three hundred head a year to sell at your warehouse?"

Marks moved uneasily. "Farm ways have been proved safe for hundreds of years. Would you change the world?"

"THE world is changing," Lew told him, gripping Clemency's hand until she almost cried out with the pain. "Back home in Illinois, I worked with one of those machines that threshes grain. Ten of us threshed as much in a day as we could have done in a week with each man working alone."

He got up and kicked at the wood in the fireplace, trying to keep his voice calm. "Here in the Oregon Territory, you who came first took up 640 acres

each. You had to use the old ways. But here, near Portland, the neighbors are closer and the ships come almost to the door. We'll work together, and I promise you we'll have twice to ten times the produce to sell."

Marks lifted his lip. "Meanwhile your wife is hungry."

Lew's face turned a painful red. He drew Clemency up into the circle of his arm. "Honey, I talk too much," he told her tenderly. "We'll be safe and comfortable on Mr. Marks' farm. Say the word, and we'll take his offer."

They were young, both of them. Fifteen or twenty years from now, when Mr. Marks would be paid off, they'd still be in the prime of life. Her mind came to a full stop. Who would she be working for? Just for herself and nobody else. Was that really the way she wanted it? Would she take Lew's life and his heart's love and swallow them down whole? Or could she perhaps give a little back to him? There'd been a lot said about what Lew would do for Clemency, but let's begin to ask what Clemency would do for Lew.

Courage is a thin thing when it stands alone, but two together have the strength of ten. She leaned on Lew and forced her answer through stiff lips. "I want to be working for other people, too, not just be a fat woman thinking about her fat self all the time. I say no to Mr. Marks."

Marks' pale eyes almost popped out of his head. He had been certain of her answer. "You'll be eating boiled wheat for a long time," he pleaded. "Food comes first, Mrs. Pender. Don't be a fool."

He looked desperately about the cabin. He was thinking of food again. She asked him, smiling, "Should a man cook his own dinner, too, or will he bring the food in and let a woman cook?"

She said it gently, but it was a challenge, a reminder that men and women have worked together since the world began. And so might neighbors work together.

He gave her a sharp look, but his whiskers were curling. "I take your point, ma'am, and yours, too," he told Lew. "Very well, young man. Your friend and my friend will meet to set the price. I'll want interest on what's owing, but you'll have a free hand."

"Done!" Lew said, and their hands met.

Then Marks sat down out of the way while Clemency cooked a dinner for which the explorers would have paid all their blue beads, and Lew, grinning to himself, put the Lewis and Clark Journals out of the way to make room for the food. The End

FALSE TEETH OFTEN HAVE A CERTAIN ODOR!

That's What Causes
DENTURE BREATH!



No Toothpaste Can Keep
False Teeth as Naturally White
and Odor-Free as Polident Does

● All too often, false teeth that haven't been properly cleaned give off a tell-tale odor known as Denture Breath.

Don't brush your dental plates. Don't use toothpaste or soap. Clean them the

right way, the safe way, by soaking them in Polident.

That way they'll stay naturally white and odor-free. No Denture Breath.



Get this beautiful Denture Bath for quick, easy soaking of dentures. See offer on Polident package.

POLIDENT

RECOMMENDED BY MORE DENTISTS THAN ANY OTHER DENTURE CLEANSER

DAVY WAS HERE





Rinso Blue washes whiter —because it blues as it washes!

Unless your present detergent blues as it washes, it's doing only half the job.

Our picture can't *begin* to show you how **RINSO BLUE** makes white clothes *sparkle*! But if you'd like to see the startling difference for yourself, it's really very easy.

Wash one of your *husband's* shirts with **RINSO BLUE** in your washing machine. Next, look at the Rinso-washed shirt in *daylight*. You'll be amazed. The whiteness almost makes you blink!

P. S. RINSO BLUE is also delightfully *mild*—and it cuts grease like crazy. That's why so many housewives we know always use **RINSO BLUE** detergent for doing dishes.



Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantee that **RINSO BLUE** will wash your clothes whiter and brighter than new—or we'll refund your money.

FASHION FIND



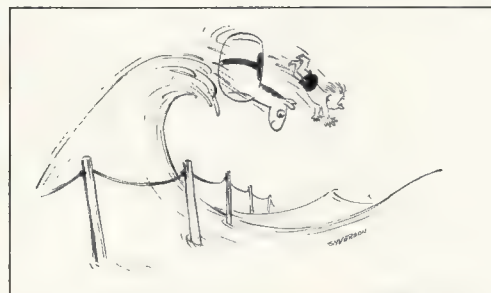
Ivy-League Look

BACK in the days when the Ivy League college boys wore straw kellys and tight blazer jackets, their manner of dress was something completely their own. Not any more. Even girls are horning in these days. The newest campus look, both male and female, features narrow shoulders and loose waists in jackets, and slim lines in pants and skirts.

The two Ivy League girls above are wearing versions of the look by Fligelman of New York. At the left: an olive-drab and blue jacket; olive-drab, straight-line, fly-front skirt. At the right: a silver-tan jacket worn with slim tan and black striped Jamaica shorts. Everything is made of Galey and Lord kayak cotton. The Norfolk shirts are in natural pima cloth.

The campus shoes are by Pappagallo and the socks by Bryn Mawr.—**JOAN RATTNER**

ORMOND GIGLI PHOTO



Strictly modern American

NO need to explain what land and what age these people live in. They have the unmistakable look of America, 1955.

They have the trim, fit figures, the health and vitality of a generation that has a world of food and drink to choose from, but whose sensible modern taste in diet is for the lighter and less filling.

And they are the people, theirs is the taste, for which Pepsi-Cola is made.

That is why today's Pepsi is reduced in calories. Never heavy, never too sweet, Pepsi-Cola is the modern, the *light* refreshment.

Refresh without filling. Have a Pepsi.

Pepsi-Cola

refreshes
without
filling





UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

glorifies sandwich favorites!

Underwood Jumbo...heap zesty Underwood Deviled Ham on split French roll. Top with onion and green pepper rings. Add tangy Underwood's to all your sandwich favorites for real whole-ham goodness, spicy flavor!

Wm. Underwood Co., Watertown 72, Mass.



Greatest SALAD IDEA since you became Mrs.

Take your favorite salad dressing recipe.

For each cup, while mixing, add ½ teaspoon of TABASCO® brand pepper sauce. Then hark to the hallelujahs from the baritone sections!



There's just no matching the way TABASCO's keen, brisk flavor perks up the goodness of everyday meals—makes folks impatient for the dinner call.

Use TABASCO in cooking—and always set it out when you set the table.

TABASCO®

A "MUST" FOR SEAFOOD. Always add TABASCO to seafood sauces—put it directly on clams, crabmeat and shrimp.

FOR SAMPLE OF TABASCO, send your name, address and 10¢ for handling to Tabasco, Dept. TW-7, Avery Island, La.

*TABASCO is the registered trademark for the brand of pepper sauce made by McIlhenny Co., Avery Island, La.



BACHELOR COOK

Cyle Pickens is a culinary genius. Take, for example, his exotic Hawaiian chicken



HARRIET ARNOLD

HOST: Mr. Pickens is famous in these parts for his creations

by Clementine Paddleford

This Week Food Editor

GREENVILLE, MISS.

TRAVELING in the state of Mississippi, I heard mention here and there of a young decorator named Cyle Pickens—"He does such interesting things with colors and fabrics." But Cyle's best friends claim he missed his calling and should have been an "interior decorator" of a different sort. He is a genius at cooking.

"Get his Hawaiian chicken recipe," writer Louise Eskridge Crump was urging me. "It isn't old South but it is surely good." She was reaching for the telephone. "I'll call Cyle. He'd love fixing lunch, you can talk while you eat. He lives in a dairy barn five miles out of town."

Luncheon for Six

AND was I surprised when I laid eyes on Cyle's dairy barn. The milk house included a deluxe living room-bedroom combination, a kitchen and bath. All was softly lighted, softly carpeted, air conditioned, just like a color picture from a decorator's magazine. A breezeway separated the milk house from the main barn. This huge place had its insides ripped out and was being converted into guest quarters and a mammoth studio.

Cyle was giving the last touches to luncheon for six. "It's no job to get a company meal," my host was explaining, "if you have a big freezer and keep it well stocked. I grow quite a garden to have tender vegetables to pick and freeze for year-around use. I

like them extra young. See these green beans?" Cyle was opening a package and rattling off a recipe.

"To each pound of the beans," he told me, "use three tablespoons of butter and more if you like. Melt the butter over very low heat in a heavy skillet. Add the beans (defrosted), seasoning to taste with freshly ground pepper and salt. Cook three minutes at high heat. Then add the pecans. I use a cupful and give them a whirl in the electric blender for a fine grind." Then the skillet was tightly covered, the heat turned very low and the beans allowed to cook another 12 minutes.

There was roast beef for luncheon with the pecan beans, a baked potato and beef *au naturel*. Dessert was homemade peach ice cream and the pecan cookies which were baked during dinner.

Pecan Cookies

1 cup butter or margarine
2 cups brown sugar, firmly packed
2 eggs
3¼ cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons vanilla extract
2 cups coarsely chopped pecans

Cream butter and sugar. Beat in eggs. Add flour 1 cup at a time, mixing well after each addition. Mix in vanilla and pecans. Shape into 4 logs about 2 inches thick. Wrap in freezer foil; freeze. Slice ¼-inch thick while frozen and place on a greased cookie sheet.

Bake at 375°F. for 15 to 20 minutes. Yield: approximately 8 dozen cookies.

The Hawaiian chicken I tasted later when the recipe was tested in THIS WEEK's kitchen. It came out with that special flavor one finds in every dish Cyle Pickens creates.

Hawaiian Chicken

2 3-to-3½ pound chickens, cut up
½ cup cornstarch
½ cup salad oil
1 can (No. 2½) pineapple chunks, drained
3 large white onions, cut in thick slices
1 cup celery, cut in medium chunks
3 green peppers, seeded and cubed
¼ cup dark brown sugar
¼ cup soy sauce
2 tablespoons sliced fresh ginger

Shake chicken pieces in bag with cornstarch until coated. Fry in oil until medium brown. Remove chicken. Put pineapple chunks, onions, celery and peppers in deep Dutch oven or roaster. Mix remaining frying oil with brown sugar, soy sauce and ginger. Pour over vegetables. Add chicken. Cover and cook over low heat for 30 minutes or until thickened. Lightly mix ingredients so that chicken will be under vegetables and the cornstarch will cook into sauce; cook until thickened. Yield: 8 to 10 portions.

TREASURED RECIPE next week for watermelon preserves.

NEW! CAN'T FAIL!

FLUFFY FROSTING SENSATION

MAKES LUSCIOUS FLUFFY FROSTING WITHOUT COOKING!

At last, you can whip up fluffy frosting *without a doubt of success!*

You just *can't fail* with this new Minute-man Instant Frosting Mix!

No guessing—no cooking! Simply add mix to cold water and beat. Get

more than enough fluffy, glossy frosting for two 9-inch layers.

Smooth, easy to spread—it tastes like the best homemade. *Stays* fluffy and glossy—won't get "sugary" or soak into the layers.



"Delicious fluffy frosting you can *always* count on!" says FRANCES BARTON, Consumer Service Department, General Foods Corporation.



No cooking! Nothing to boil. Just add to cold water and beat.

Foolproof! It turns out perfect every time—and stays perfect.

Better than homemade! Always smooth, fluffy. Doesn't get "sugary." Won't soak into cake.

Today try this newest time-saver from the makers of Minute Rice, Jell-O Instant Pudding, Instant Maxwell House Coffee

Product of
General Foods

New summer comfort for tired burning feet



When tired feet cry out for relief, drive out fire and pain quickly with frosty Ice-Mint. Quick-acting medicinal Ice-Mint, with amazing, soothing lanolin, relaxes weary muscles wonderfully. Greaseless, stainless! Excellent for sunburn and windburn! Ask your druggist for wonderful Ice-Mint today!

PREVENTS RUST!

3-IN-ONE, unlike most ordinary household oils, actually prevents rust. 3-IN-ONE outsells all other home lubricants!



"3-IN-ONE" OIL

...before it TALKS

...is the way our doctors put it—"Our chances of curing cancer are so much better when we have an opportunity to detect it before it talks."

That's why we urge you to have periodic health check-ups that *always* include a thorough examination of the skin, mouth, lungs and rectum and, in women, the breasts and generative tract. Very often doctors can detect cancer in these areas long before the patient has noticed any symptoms.

For more life-saving facts phone the American Cancer Society office nearest you, or write to "Cancer"—in care of your local Post Office.

American
Cancer
Society



HOW HOSPITAL STOPPED ATHLETE'S FOOT ITCH!

Amazing "hospital-tested" cream destroys Foot Itch fungi on 60-second contract... instantly relieves the itching!

Why endure that agonizing toe itch? Hospital tests show TING Antiseptic Cream gives instant relief... restores wonderful comfort to sore, burning skin and cracked, peeling toes.

Laboratory tests also prove that TING's remarkable fungicidal action destroys Athlete's Foot fungi on 60-second contact. Prevents spread of infection. Aids healing of raw, cracked toes fast.

For Quick Relief of HEADACHE NEURALGIA

MAKE THIS TEST...

TEST STANBACK against the preparation you now use to relieve pains of Headache—Neuralgia or minor muscular aches... see how much faster STANBACK'S prescription type formula works... how much quicker you get relief... Tablets or Powders... You make the test and FEEL the difference.



Denture Wearer's Dream Come True



Even after hot coffee, new cream Staze keeps dentures "tight" up to 80% longer than powders—just think, up to 80% longer!

● This was proved by a famous research institute with tests on actual denture wearers who had been using old type powder adhesives. These folks said the new Staze was a "denture wearer's dream come true"—so will you.

Staze at your druggist's is new improved Staze. Get a tube today.

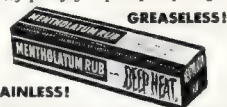
DEEP HEAT

Relief from pain of

Arthritis, Rheumatism

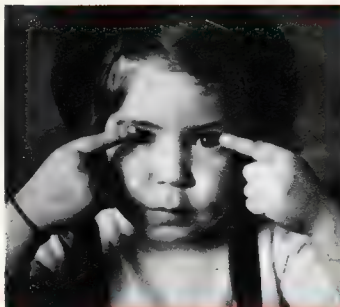
● Just massage new Deep Heat Mentholatum Rub on the spot that's sore. See how it's "taken up" by your skin. In just 30 seconds you'll feel a flash of warmth and pleasing glow right at the point that hurts. Almost immediately pressure is relieved.

You must feel relief deep down—feel arthritic, rheumatic pain disappear—or Mentholatum will refund every penny you paid plus postage.



STAINLESS!

"Guess What I Saw!"



1 "It has great big pop eyes..."



2 "And a great big round stomach..."



3 "And a long, long thick tail..."



4 "And its mouth opens this wide..."

GET RID OF THAT GUN!

Continued from page seven

storekeeper usually comes off second best.

Now I realize that the American people are very attached to their personal six-shooters. We are gun-toters from way back, as witness the classic picture of the Pilgrim Father on his way to Thanksgiving church service carrying a huge blunderbuss. But the time has come for our people to realize the extent to which the pistol has put us in peril, and flying in the face of tradition, I make this appeal to the innate good sense of our citizens:

Get those pistols out of your homes and out of your stores.

After the end of World War II, England experienced the same sharp rise in gun-crimes that we did. Scotland Yard investigated and found that guns and ammunition brought home by returning servicemen were finding their way into the hands of professional criminals. And they were also accounting for many crimes of opportunity by the servicemen themselves.

It was a distressing situation that caused great concern to the government, until the Home

Secretary hit on an ingenious idea. He set aside one week in 1946 which he declared to be Gun Amnesty Week, and urged his countrymen to bring firearms of every description (excluding shotguns) to a central place in each city and village where they would be received by police with no questions asked. The response was overwhelming. Nearly 19,000 pistols, 209,000 rounds of ammunition and 352 machine guns came pouring in.

Gun Surrender Week

THEREAFTER, the Home Secretary made Gun Amnesty Week an annual event. In 1947, an additional 4,000 pistols were surrendered, and since then, approximately 2,500 pistols and 100,000 rounds of ammunition have been turned in to the police every year.

That's precisely what we need in the United States, and I propose that in honor of Veteran's Day, which falls on November 11, we designate the week of November 7, 1955, as Gun Surrender Week. Let's get these killers out of the closets and

bureau drawers where they have been tempting our children and ourselves.

(Naturally, I am not talking about firearms belonging to members of the armed forces, the National Guard, organized police establishments, duly licensed private guards and watchmen or members of registered and approved gun clubs. Nor am I referring to shotguns and rifles.)

In my work as a consultant to police forces around the country, I often discuss home and store possession of pistols with various police chiefs. "When will people realize," they will say to me, "that they need experience and training in the use, handling and cleaning of small arms? The householder is a greater menace to his own safety and that of his family than he could ever be to an intruder in seeking to defend his home."

The fact is that police experience has shown over and over again that the man who awakens in the dead of night with a prowler in the house, takes more than a gun in his hand when he



IRA ROSENBERG PHOTOS

THREE-YEAR-OLD Andrea Rosenberg visited New York's Museum of Natural History. Back home, she described what she saw. What? A stuffed Florida alligator



goes looking for the intruder in the dark. He takes his own life in his hands because the prowler stops moving and waits for him to give away his position. His tactics are bad, his senses are still dulled by sleep, and in the dark he can't see to shoot. Where then is the foundation for his belief that the pistol helps to guard his home?

19 Holdups

AND what good can a concealed pistol do for the average storekeeper who usually has much less facility with his weapon than the holdup man?

Don't forget the storekeeper is at the terrible disadvantage of being the one who has to make a move for his weapon—invariably the holdup man has the drop on him.

There is a liquor-store proprietor in the Bronx who has been held up 19 times in 21 years. He has always had a loaded six-shooter under the counter. He has never thwarted a holdup but he has succeeded, on several occasions, in getting himself shot.

On the other hand, only a few weeks ago a New York jewelry store proprietor was interviewed a few minutes after his store had been stuck up.

On the floor lay the robber, near death, his gun a few feet away from him. The storekeeper kept no gun on the premises, but he did have a couple of cleverly hidden buttons which he pushed, alerting a protective company which, in turn, flashed word to the police.

Within two minutes after the thug had entered the store, a squad car was on the scene and a brave cop, who was trained in the use of his gun, beat the robber to the shot.

"In my opinion," the storekeeper said, "it is a silly thing to keep a pistol. I have been in business a long time, and I've never kept a gun. Catching criminals is what the police are for. It is my job to alert them, if I can."

Crusade Against Crime

I CERTAINLY agree with this veteran shopkeeper. Why don't we all concentrate on seeing how much we can achieve on a voluntary basis. It is to be hoped that government officials, federal, state and local, will get behind Gun Surrender Week. Perhaps veterans and civic organizations will put their shoulders behind it. It could be the first giant step towards a citizens' crusade against crime. *The End*

Beauty is every woman's business

says lovely cover girl Mimi Barker—that's why my beauty soap is

SWEETHEART

Because their very careers depend on a flawless complexion, 9 out of 10 leading cover girls prefer pure, mild SweetHeart Soap. And baths with SweetHeart's more luxuriant lather—so rich and fragrant—keep them fresh all day.

TRY THE SWEETHEART COVER GIRL FACIAL

1. Each night and morning, massage SweetHeart's rich, creamy lather into your skin.
2. Use an upward and outward motion, paying special care to skin around the nose and lips.
3. Rinse—first with warm, then cool water. In 7 days—what a thrilling difference!

The Soap That
AGREES
With Your Skin



Foot Relief

QUICK-ACTING FOOT PLASTER

If you use Moleakin, try Dr. Scholl's Kurotex. It's much softer, more protective and cushioning. So convenient to cut in sizes not available in ready-made pads. Much more economical, too. Relieves callouses, corns, tender spots. Eases new or tight shoes, self-adhering.



Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX

**Guaranteed Relief for
ATHLETE'S FOOT
...RINGWORM
...FUNGUS**
—or your money back!

Read this iron-clad guarantee: No matter how severe your case... no matter how many remedies have failed in the past... we have so much faith in NP-27 that your drugist will refund your money if NP-27 doesn't relieve your infection.

How NP-27 works: Unlike other remedies that work only on the surface of the skin, amazing new NP-27 kills infection under the surface as well as on the surface of the skin! NP-27 also promotes growth of healthy new skin; helps prevent reinfection. Remember the name—NP-27.

ASK FOR **NP-27** TODAY!
A NORWICH PRODUCT

Polio Pointers for 1955

THE NEW POLIO VACCINE

—developed with your March of Dimes funds—has been proved safe and effective and is licensed by the U.S. Government.

BUT POLIO IS STILL WITH US

When polio is around, follow these precautions:



THE NATIONAL
FOUNDATION FOR
INFANTILE PARALYSIS



WHY RYBUTOL CAN MAKE YOU FEEL PEPPIER

where other vitamins fail

Do you have to push yourself to get going? Feel tired and worn out day after day for no apparent reason? You may need a vitamin-mineral supplement with more riboflavin and thiamin. If so, Rybutol can help you!

HELPS REBUILD ENERGY-STARVED BLOOD. Rybutol gives you high-potency amounts of vital B-complex vitamins you may need to help rebuild energy-starved blood, give you new pep and vitality. Rybutol gives you 20 other important elements too **THE VITAMIN FORMULA YOU CAN REALLY FEEL.** Yes, if you need vitamins, Rybutol is the vitamin formula you can really feel. So start wishing for new vitality. Start taking Rybutol and feel peppier in 7 days or money back. At all drug stores.

Special Offer!
SAVE \$3.55 NOW ON

FAMILY-SIZE RYBUTOL

GET 250 Rybutol Gelucaps, regularly \$13.50, for only \$9.95. Save 25% for limited time only!

Fleet's in—Dad's out!



BATHTUB BY CRANE

There may be excuses for skipping a bath, but

Now no excuse for B.O.

Ahoy, the fleet's in! And you're *out* of a bath! That's when Lifebuoy soap comes to the rescue. Because the Lifebuoy bath you took *yesterday* can stop B.O. today and tomorrow, too!

**Lifebuoy with Puralin
Stops B.O. as long as 3 days.**

Even much higher priced deodorant soaps can't give you this new kind of protection. You see, when we gave Lifebuoy's old medicine smell the heave-ho, we put in Puralin—the most effective deodorizer in any soap. Puralin stays with your skin. You can't see, feel or smell it—but it keeps you safe from one bath to the next.

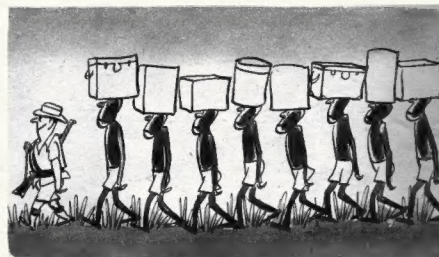
So pick up a cake of Lifebuoy. Sniff its new fragrance. Notice its low price. Enjoy its bath-to-bath protection! Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees that you'll be *completely* happy with the new Lifebuoy—or you get every penny refunded!



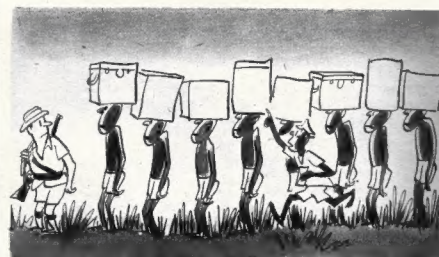
"IT'S A BOY!"



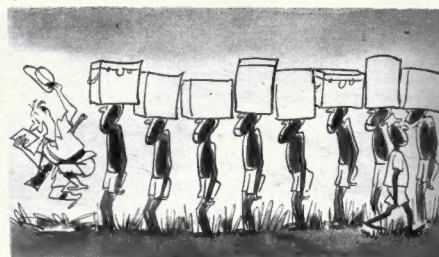
CLAUDE (he's afraid nobody could remember his last name, Smith) says this idea came naturally. He's never been a father and never been an explorer.



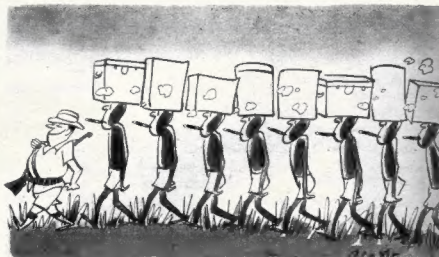
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CLAUDE

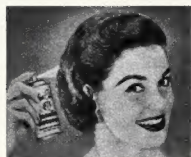
Fabulous hair dressing sprays pure excitement into your hair... *right down to your very scalp!*



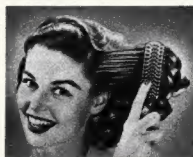
Entirely new kind of dressing reaches every hair on your head,
brings out a shimmering softness you haven't seen in years!

Helene Curtis lanolin discovery*

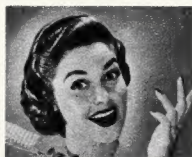
gives you what no other hair dressing can . . . pure lanolin (no filler oils!)
in mist-fine spray. It actually beautifies hair as nothing before!



SPRAY IT IN . . . Pure lanolin right down to your very scalp!



BRUSH! . . . Warm highlights appear instantly, all through your hair!



THAT'S ALL! . . . The easiest way in the world to have beautiful hair!



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